

## "S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



## The Jarr Family

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co.  
(The New York Evening World.)MR. JARR'S BOSS IS AN  
EASY MARK, FOR ONCE.

"I wonder if that coat will fit me?" murmured Mr. Dinkston, as he cast longing eyes at Mr. Jarr's boss's coat thrown across a table in Gus's place. "I am taller than you, my good sir, but we are about the same dimensions in the pulmonary regions; although in the diaphragm your girth is more excessive than mine. A strict diet keeps me down."

"Nothing doing!" remarked Gus, shortly. "It's had luck to try on other people's things. The last time you did that you were singing in Schmalz's hat, 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginia!' and the Richmond sheriff came in with a requisition for you."

Mr. Dinkston burst into tears. "It ain't no use to cry for it. You can't have it!" said Gus.

And all the others present nodded approval, except Mr. Jarr's boss. Tears always affected him. Like other rich men, he couldn't bear to part with real money. But anybody who could give him a good cry could always get a check for anything that might be named.

"It ain't because it is simply a coat," sobbed Mr. Dinkston, "that I give vent to my emotion. It's because it's a fur coat!"

The interest all evinced in this strange statement encouraged Mr. Dinkston to weep afresh as he explained: "A fur coat reminds me of a fir tree. Fir trees remind me of Christmas trees. I want a Christmas tree!"

"What?" chorused Gus and his patrons.

"A Christmas tree. I never had a Christmas tree!" moaned Mr. Dinkston. "We came of a noble race. Our ancestors were in the South of France. Christmas trees are called 'Noel.' In our chateau we kept it as a festival for the peasants on the estate, bringing casks of wine, manumitting their villainage—but I, as a child, a slim, quiet child of noble birth, only saw Christmas trees in picture papers."

"I always wanted one. I had no childhood. My infancy, nonage, even my adolescence, had but its memories of being inculcated in the higher mathematics by an Oxford tutor with vinous propensities. I want a tree, a Christmas tree!"

"How much do they cost?" asked Mr. Jarr's employer, greatly affected.

"They are awful dear this year on account of the high cost of living," said Muller, the grocer. "I got some Christmas trees at my store, but there ain't one for less than a dollar, and that's small and scraggy. A good one, a fine one, is two dollars, may be three."

"I want a tree!" moaned the emotional Dinkston. "I have been robbed of my childhood, inasmuch as I never had a Christmas tree. Let others aspire to staves, let others crave raiment or trunks. I ask no man's gold!"

He looked fixedly at Mr. Jarr's employer. The latter wiped his brow, dreading to see a strong man as he murmured.

"It's nothing," said Gus. "It's the way he washes his face. When



By Roy McCardell

business is bad he comes in and cries for me. The last time he cried was just because a feller named Pote insulted him. What was it that guy Pote said to you yesterday?"

"The poet?" replied Mr. Dinkston with a snifle.

"Oh, yes, I remember now: 'Tears, idle tears! I know not what they mean. Tears from the depths of some divine despair!'"

"But this time I do know why I weep for those days that were so sad, the days that are no more! It was because I never had a Christmas tree!"

"You shall have one! A fine one!" cried Mr. Jarr's employer.

And he fished up three dollars. In vain Mr. Jarr, Gus, Slavinsky, Repler and Rafferty told him he was foolish.

"I know I'm foolish!" retorted Mr. Jarr's boss. "I'm glad I'm foolish. I wish I could be foolish always. It's a luxury I've always denied myself. Here," he turned to Mr. Dinkston, "here is three dollars. Buy yourself a tree!"

Mr. Dinkston took the money, but only wept afresh.

"He's a human sprinkling can," said Gus, disgustedly. "I would throw him out, only it is like the moving pictures. What's the matter with him now?"

"I can get the tree. But, alas, I have no trimmings for it!" wailed the weeping Dinkston. "Is it a Christmas tree when it has no gaudy ornaments? Here, take back your money," he added, as he put the three dollars in his pocket. "A Christmas tree untrimmed would be a mockery!"

Mr. Jarr's employer, choking back a sob of sympathy, handed over a ten dollar bill for the trimmings. Then he signified an extension of hospitality to all present, and when the libation was poured it was noticed Mr. Dinkston was gone.

"I'm glad he thought of trimming you," said Mr. Jarr. "He's gone to get a fir tree and he's taken your fur overcoat."

"Oh, well," said the boss genially. "Christmas comes but once a year!"

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## Here, There and Everywhere

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Husband—You haven't anything on for this evening?

Wife—Oh, yes; a dinner at the De Bergs.

The Mean Thing.

"Pa, are there any female angels?"

"My son, when you're as old as I am you'll know that such a thing is an utter impossibility."

She—Isn't Mrs. De Gush just splendid?

Why, she has just formed a society to prevent the extermination of whales. Imagine! Twenty thousand whales were captured last year, she says.

He—Yes, and they're so lovable too, and affectionate, and the baby whales are just darling!

She—Henry, isn't that a dreadfully big drink you're taking?

He—Yes, and they're so lovable too, and affectionate, and the baby whales are just darling!

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Dye Ken?  
Willie—Pop, is Angus MacLeod a free thinker?  
Pop—Certainly not. He's a Scotchman.

The Usual Inquiry.  
Mr. Fitznutt—Train ran down Smiley and his wife in their machine to-day.  
Mrs. Fitznutt—Dreadful! Were they on the track?  
Mr. Fitznutt—No, the train saw them going up a hill and it left the track, followed them a couple of miles and then smashed them up. After that it climbed an evergreen tree and picked a bird's nest.

Lucille—Will you subscribe to the fund, Jack?  
Jack—What fund?  
Lucille—To pay the athletic gatherers.

## NOTES FROM SNAKE'S MISERY.

Henry Lean, our popular baker, is taken down with diphtheria. The missus is waiting on customers.

Mrs. Cornelius Gifford will address the children of Hope Sunday school to-morrow night on "No Such Person as Santa Claus."

Come one! Come all!

School's closed again—measles this time. Rattlesnake oil went up four cents a quart this week. Dealers hereabouts are holding on for more of a rise.

Miss Maggie Feathers of Swampville will spend the week-end with Mrs. Hank Davis. Hank says his new well is working well.

Two new arrivals this week from Long Island City. They say they prefer Snake's Misery for residential purposes. Welcome.

Henry Altemus has opened undertaking parlors in connection with his barber shop. Mayor Gaynor and Doc Parkhurst spent Tuesday in our midst.

Jack Rose has opened an ice cream parlor over Bill Hink's blacksmith shop.

Tommy Skaggs—Pa, what's a heroine?

Mr. Skaggs—In love, son, in love, if we may give the sanction of our experienced approval to the exclamation points of our contemporary lady-fingered magazine editors.

Tommy Skaggs—Yes, pa.

Lucille—Will you subscribe to the fund, Jack?

Jack—What fund?

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## The Coming of the Law

"THE TWO-GUN MAN'S" Greatest Novel

By Charles Alden Seltzer

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beside Watkins's desk, still self-pos-  
sessed, the mooding smile still on his  
face, though into his eyes had come a  
doubting, worried expression. Plainly  
he had not anticipated such drastic ac-  
tion from Allen.

The latter laughed grimly, quietly.  
"Sort of unexpected, wasn't it, Bill?" he  
said, addressing Dunlavy. "It ain't just  
the sort of politics you've been used to.  
But I'm kind of used to it myself. Had  
to pull the same game off over in  
Colfax County when I was running for  
sheriff the first time. It worked, too,  
because the folks that was mixed up in  
it knowed I wasn't rising in any class."

He looked at Dunlavy with a level,  
steady gaze, his eyes gleaming coldly.

"If you think I'm shuffling now, why  
fear some one of your pluckiness to beat  
into this game. I'd care of like to let  
off my campaign guns into your dirty  
gizzard!"

Dunlavy's eyes gleamed as he looked  
at Allen.

"I don't think you would try to work  
any bluff on me, Allen," he said  
quietly. "You're took me by surprise,  
that's a fact. But let's get down to  
business. What's your game?"

"I reckon that's a sensible way to  
look at it," returned Allen.

"That's the way I expected you'd look  
at it when you began to realize that  
I was holding some pretty good cards.  
There ain't nothing personal in this.  
I'm out for a square deal and I'm going  
to get it."

"I'm going to put your hat on this  
table. Then Norton will open the door  
and let one man come in. That man will  
vote for whoever he pleases. Then Mr.  
Holla will let him out the back door.  
Norton and Holla will let each other on  
the front. There won't be any row."

"I'm telling you that you and Bill  
Watkins and Greasy are going to set  
here and watch the voting. I'm going  
to stand behind you with one of my  
guns tucked under your fifth rib. If  
you, or Watkins, or Greasy let out a  
yelp that can be construed as a signal  
for any one to bust into the game, or  
if there's anything started by your  
friends which ain't your doing, I'm  
going to put the law on 'em."

"You two get whatever guns  
them gentlemen happen to have on them,  
standing to one side so I can see to  
perforate any one who ain't agreeable  
to handing them over."

Norton rose and approached Dunlavy,  
while Holla stepped forward to the  
sheriff and secured the weapon that  
reposed in a holster at his right hip.

He did likewise with Greasy. While  
Norton was relieving Dunlavy of his  
weapon the sheriff opened his lips to  
speak, his gaze fixed doubtfully on one  
of Allen's eyes.

"The law," he began. But Allen  
interrupted with a grin.

"Sure," he said, "the law didn't figure  
on this. But I reckon you heard Bill  
Holla say once that the law could be  
handled. I'm handling it now. But I  
reckon that lets you out—you ain't in on  
this and the mourners'll be after you  
to-morrow if you open your trap again!"

The sheriff swelled with rage, but he  
closed his lips tightly. When Holla and  
Norton had completed their search for  
weapons and had laid the result of their  
search on the table Allen then they  
sought their chairs.

Dunlavy had said nothing. He stood  
at Norton.

Norton opened the door a trifle and  
called: "One man at a time!" There  
were some hoarse shouts from without—  
presumably from Dunlavy's friends—a  
chorus of derisive laughter from Allen's.  
Then the first man entered.

It was Ace. The poet stood for an in-  
stant blinking at the light, then he  
grinned as his gaze rested on the rec-  
pents of the room. He was directed how  
to cast his ballot. He took the place of  
paper that was given him by Norton,  
scratched Allen across it with a pencil  
that Norton had previously placed on  
the table and dropped the paper into  
Dunlavy's hat. Holla opened the rear  
door for him, but he halted on the thresh-  
old, looking back into the room with a  
broad grin.

"Get!" he said in an awed tone; "there  
must have been a wad of money blown  
in in this here town to-day! Drunks!  
Man alive! There ain't nothing but  
drunks, the town's resin!" with "em!"

"They're layin' in the street; there's a  
dozen in the Silver Dollar an' that many  
more in the Fashion—an' nobody know  
how many more in the other saloons.  
Their heads is under the tables; they're  
hangin' on the walls an' clawin' around  
in spittoons—glee-or-ously, be-utifully  
paralyzed!"

(To Be Continued)

## Swat the Fly!

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By Flora Sheffield.

